



The Californian

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Decision on Sade Petition Delayed Until Tuesday

Playing to an S. R. O. house Thursday afternoon, the California State Board of Equalization held a fact finding meeting in the case of Sade Latham's application for a permit to sell alcoholic beverages at her proposed new place on Lincoln street. The city council chambers were jammed with members of the two factions interested. Friends of Sade on one side of the room and members of the church who started the move of protestation on the other side. In between were knots of the just plain curious taking in the big fight of the month.

The Board of Equalization was represented by quite an array of people. E. A. McDonald was the referee and with him were two court reporters while Carl Crandall of Watsonville, the state control officer of the local district, was sitting as observer. Unfortunately for those who want more than a tie score from their games, without waiting for an extra session, the verdict will not be reached until a week from Tuesday at which time the Board of Equalization meets in Sacramento. Thursday's meeting in Carmel was only a fact finding meeting from which E. A. McDonald will prepare reports to submit at the regular board meeting.

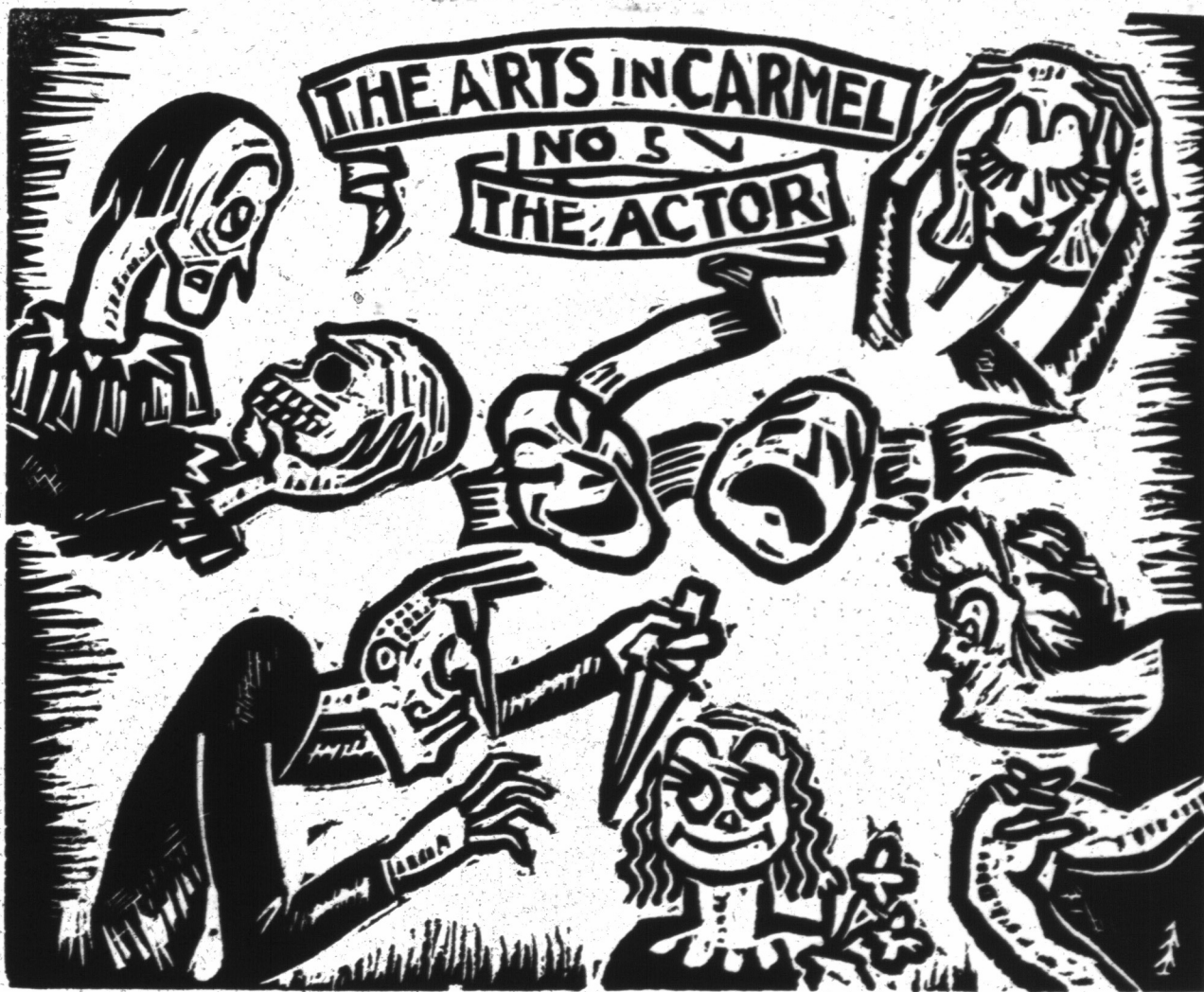
The meeting was called to order by Referee E. A. McDonald to discuss the matter of the protest of the city council against granting a liquor license to Sade Latham. The city council having disqualified itself by refusing to take action on the original petition for a city license, as is demanded by the city ordinance, the

(Continued on page 7)

LUMBER SCHOONER SAILOR ON SPREE

Stephen Toohy had read stories of what the sailors of the navy do when they are on shore leave. Steve is a seaman aboard the good lumber schooner, Anna Schafer. The Anna was in Monterey spewing lumber over the municipal wharf. Steve decided to go into town for the night and have a drink or two, like he'd read about.

Later in the evening he borrowed a car from Ben Palen of San Francisco. What an evening for a ride. He sensed bottle goods in a warehouse behind Mikel Market and went right after them, walls or no walls. Considerable damage was done and Steve was a little flustered, as well as cut and bruised. The car would still run and so he hit for other parts, got confused and drove down the railroad tracks to be met by one of Monterey's finest. That ended the evening for Steve, a short stop and the hospital and a nice iron cot for the night. The crew of the Anna Schafer had to fork over a \$150 fine, a little high, they thought, but then so was Steve. Palen agreed not to press car theft charges when Steve agreed to pay damages. Steve will be working on the Anna Schafer for a long time.



TRUCK BUMPS CHILD NO INJURIES Carmelo School for Carmel Valley Tots Says School Board

Marlene Ottmar, 6, daughter of Mrs. J. F. Ottmar, San Carlos and First avenue, had a collision with a lumber truck while on her way to school last Thursday morning. We hasten to assure you that no injuries resulted. The child was running down San Carlos street on the way to school when she jumped in front of a lumber truck turning into the lumber yard between Seventh and Ocean.

The child was struck by the front fender of the truck and fell to the ground. The startled driver, G. E. Curtis, picked her up and wanted to rush her to a doctor but Marlene insisted that she was all right and had to get to school. Curtis took her to Sunset School and turned her over to Miss Florence Morrow, the school nurse who treated a skinned arm and took the child to her mother.

Mrs. Ottmar sent the child back to school after examining her. Officer Roy Fratles investigated the case and cleared the driver of all blame, stating that the child had run out from behind bushes into the path of the truck which was moving very slowly. Those bushes again!

Forest Theater Plans Progress

Plans are getting under way for the rebuilding of the Forest Theater. A rummage and food sale plus an evening of gay entertainment is planned for the latter part of November or early in December. However, any suggestions will be welcomed, and can be presented to Mrs. May McGrury, Mrs. Florence Leidig or Mrs. John Bathen. The committee also asks anyone who would like to help to give their name to a member of the committee.

GEN. JIM DODGES IRATE CARMELITES

Mrs. Roy Meadows, Carmel Valley school board clerk, reports that a special meeting of the Carmelo school board was held Friday night at the Carmelo Farm Center. The meeting was called to straighten out the tangle over transportation of students to the Sunset school. Previous to this the students had been transported up and down the valley by the Monterey Union High School busses. The high school has announced that they will be unable to carry the grammar school pupils in the future and the Sunset School board notified the valley people that the school would not foot the bill.

The buck was passed to the valley people. They have a school of their own, the Carmelo school. Many people preferred to send their children down to Carmel at the public's expense. The board, after hearing all arguments and the report of the Sunset school that the Carmelo school district was losing money on Valley pupils, passed a resolution refusing to pay for the transportation of pupils out of their district. Hereafter any people preferring to send their children to the Sunset school will have to do so at their own expense. Carmel Valley children will have to attend the Carmelo school.

P. G. & E. IMPROVEMENTS

The Pacific Gas & Electric Company announces a half million dollar improvement program for the Coast Valleys division to take two years to complete. Much of the construction will take place in and about Salinas. Local work in the project includes extensions in Monterey and line replacements near the Carmel Mission.

Williams Quits, Rowntree, Leidig Will Not Talk

Vincent Williams, junior paid fireman, has tendered his resignation to the City Council to become effective November 1st. Williams says that he hasn't been getting the same considerations as Charles Guth, the senior driver, either in pay, hours or work and the last straw was when the council voted him only a one-week vacation to Guth's two weeks. He says that conditions in the fire department have not been satisfactory since before the new fire house was built.

Williams charges that the council hasn't taken into consideration the lessons learned by fire departments in other cities and have tried to run their own set-up without considering the helpful suggestions from outside firemen. He says that visiting firemen have all been amazed at the local conditions. The only time that Williams is the equal of Guth is when the fire siren blows and they go to a fire, the essential part of the work. That, he feels, is a sore point, to be an underling in routine matters and only an equal when they go to a fire. Many friends in the department are siding with Williams and in fact are discussing circulating a petition requesting Williams' reinstatement on equal terms with Charles Guth. Neither Fire Chief Robert Leidig nor Fire Commissioner Bernard Rowntree have any statement to make about Williams' action or about what plans are being made to replace him.

HELEN KIERINAN GOING HOME

There is at least one person to whom Carmel has no charms. The smell of the pines, the roar of the surf, the odds and ends of humanity on Ocean avenue, the aura of the past mean nothing to Helen Kierinan. Helen came from New York, seeking greener fields, but to her they were pretty dull and brown. She went to work for John Evans, son of Mabel Dodge Luhan, who, with his family, is now settled in the Stuart house on the Point. The wind swept the Point with an eerie moan, the waves roared on the rocks and Helen thought of home. The other day she was overcome with nostalgia and left the Evans house to buy a ticket for New York, she didn't say she was going and the Evans family were apprehensive, she was gone a long time and they feared foul play. They reported Helen as a missing person to the police. It was there our reporter scanned the police blotter and saw the report. We were out to crack a dastardly deed, but when we found the Evans they reported that Helen had come back to say goodbye and that she felt too strongly the urge to go home. Today Helen is on her way home.

Sunday evening Major and Mrs. Gerhardt of the Monterey Presidio entertained at a cocktail party honoring Miss Rosa Coffin Miller and her fiancé, Lieutenant Frederick Barnes.

ISOBEL FIELD TALKS TO FRIENDS OF R.L.S.

To a great many people the name of Monterey means two things, the Carmel Mission and Robert Louis Stevenson. Such people would have been very gratified to hear Mrs. Isobel Field's lecture in Pacific Grove last Thursday.

Mrs. Fields is the step-daughter of Stevenson and spent many years of her life with him. In 1879 she, her brother and her mother came to Monterey for the summer. They lived in the old Bonafacio adobe with its beautiful garden. When the young Scot arrived he, too, spent most of his time in this garden with Fanny Osbourne who later became his wife. Mrs. Field remembers those days very well. She often returned to the town for, to use her expression, "Once you get Monterey in your heart, you always want to come back."

The occasion of this lecture, attended by many serious, fearfully enchanted romantics was the book "This Life I've Loved", the book that Mrs. Fields has recently finished. She autographed copies for the audience, who filed respectfully past her rostrum.

During the course of the afternoon this vivacious person told some very interesting and amusing stories about R. L. S. He had, as is common knowledge, quarreled with his father, that custom-bound builder of lighthouses on the bleak and rocky coast of Scotland. The quarrel, or at least part of the quarrel centered about the dismal Sundays that the family had to endure. Stevenson liked gaiety, laughter and brightness, he could not bear the terrifying gloom that hung over the house once each week. More than all he hated the fact that one could read nothing but the Bible or the Psalms on that dreadful day.

His wife, Fanny Osbourne, shared these opinions strongly. To break the regime she hit upon a clever plan. Saturday night she read aloud to the assembled family from Tom Sawyer. She read to the point where Tom was lost irretrievably, hopelessly and desperately. Then, feigning tiredness, she closed the volume and retired for the night. Came the dawn, it always does, and Stevenson Sr. was restless. Fanny caught him looking around with a wistfulness he seldom showed. She had carefully hidden the book until at last the old man broke down

and asked her to read him the rest of the story, he simply had to know what became of Tom.

That was the last gloomy Sunday. Stevenson had a great, practically an overpowering liking for the old wharf, at that time manned almost entirely by French fishermen. They became his firm friends. Many years later when he and Fanny were in Cannes, staying at a very fashionable pension they had a terrific commotion down stairs. The patron came up to announce that some very noisy, extremely common and decidedly vulgar men were downstairs clamoring to see the important visitor . . . you guessed it . . . they were the fishermen from Monterey.

One night Stevenson, Fanny, and the children went over the hill to see the mission in the moonlight. It was one of those rare nights, clear, bright, quiet. They wandered among the ruins for some time before choosing a couple of comfortable tombstones on which to sit and talk. The conversation turned to those who lay under the stones, how did the ghosts of the padres, the Spanish and the Indians feel about the intrusion. About the time they had whipped up a whole army of spectres to listen to the conversation, when the children were beginning to feel slightly creepy, about that time, they were scared, terrified, by a strange sound, in the air above them and a long, piercing shriek. Before the echoes had retreated to a corner the four were well off the premises on their way back to Monterey. Looking over his shoulder Stevenson saw that they had disturbed the owls who lived in the rafters.

Mrs. Field is very interested in the idea of a shrine to Stevenson in Monterey. She thinks it would be appropriate, for he so loved this country that many of the happiest moments of his life centered around the Peninsula. It is an idea well worth consideration. Stevenson made many friends during his short stay here and there are undoubtedly many relics still in the town. Furthermore, Mrs. Fields herself has a splendid collection that she would gladly give to such a cause.—N. L.

Lo, The Poor "Stop"

We have reason to weep so often in these changing times and today we weep huge and very salty tears. They are taking away all the traditions and customs that have meant so much to us, a changing world that will find us old people clinging to memories of a sweet and simple youth while surrounded by strange beings and meanings. They have been doing this for years, the fall of each tradition, the scrapping of each custom has left us just that much more bewildered.

Today the Western Union telegraph company announces that no more will we be able to use "stop" in our wires. Now we write a telegram just as we would a note, another insidious step in their don't write, telegraph campaign. What, oh what, are we to do about writing telegrams so they are misunderstood? Think of the last joy of really finishing a sentence "STOP" no mere "—" but a real, healthy and final "STOP" Think of the lost source well for humorists and cartoonists. Oh that we should live through such times.

When Juan Anzar brought his colonists to California eight children were born en route.

University Women Hear Janie Otto

Wednesday night the Monterey County chapter of the American University Women's Club met for dinner at the Normandy Inn following which, at the invitation of Mrs. Clay Otto, custodian of the Carmel Art Association Gallery, they went to the gallery to view the October show. Mrs. Otto explained to the twenty women present, the workings of the association and the plans for the future of the gallery which include a proposed annex. Several of the artists and art minded people have already contributed towards building the annex which is to replace the small and overcrowded "Stove-pipe Shack" as a social and educational center for those interested in art.

The annex will also be used for the sketch classes now held at the shack. It was this project that first interested the older artists, the chance for the younger artists to get practice at figure drawing, so that they proposed and contributed towards building better quarters. Mrs. Otto also has plans to present at some time a showing of the more modern artists, perhaps even to turn over the annex to them for their exhibitions. The moderns and conservatives do not show well when hung together in the same exhibit and due to the preponderance of conservative painters, the moderns have felt that they were squeezed off the walls. It is for this reason that Mrs. Otto proposes to arrange a special showing for the modern group alone. The University Women greatly enjoyed the show and the account of the present and planned activities of the gallery.

A TRIBUTE TO EDWARD WESTON

The Sunday rotogravure section of the San Francisco Chronicle carries a grand tribute to Edward Weston, the ex-Carmelite photographer and originator of the f.4 movement, who is currently having a showing at the San Francisco Art Association Museum. The Chronicle ran a full page of reproductions of Weston's work. With it they used the following write-up: "Edward Weston gets to the point, which is to say that Edward Weston makes photographs; he does no indulge in the artificialities of 'arty' cameramen who are apparently ashamed of anything so mechanical as a lens. He does not develop his photos in a tub of fog to make them look like etchings. Two things are evident in all his work: superb sharpness of detail and a feeling for design in the most commonplace subjects—his maguay and cut cabbage are fully as powerful as his starkly glaring portrait of Muralist Orozco. His dramatic dunes are perhaps his trademark, too well known to need comment. These pictures are included in a Weston show at the San Francisco Museum ending October 31."

SAUNDERS TO MANAGE SAN CLEMENTE RANCH

Drury Saunders, employed for seven years by the San Clemente Ranch at the dam up Carmel Valley, has been appointed manager to replace Henry Stowell. Stowell, who managed the ranch for eight years, left to engage in cattle business in Lafon, California.

Chief Bob Leidig Judges Fire Essays

Fire Chief Robert Leidig is fast judging the proposals for home fire drill submitted by the school children of Sunset and Forest Hill schools. These are a result of a contest started by Chief Leidig during Fire Prevention Week, when he explained to the children the necessity for having their parents plan and hold fire drills. Of the essays submitted by the pupils of Sunset school, he has eliminated all but three out of which will be chosen first, second and third prizes by Bob and the committee from the school. The first three essays are reproduced below.

Elise Beaton of the Eighth Grade submits:

FIRE

Fire is a very useful element if it is used correctly, but if it is used incorrectly, it is destructive. A natural question is, "What would you do if a fire started in your home?" Many people would say, "Oh, I don't know, I haven't really thought anything about it."

But if someone asked me that question, I'd say, "First, I would call the telephone operator and ask for the fire department. I would tell them where the fire was and how to get there. Next, I would try to get all the people quickly and quietly out of the house. Then I would attempt to save some of the valuable things. When the fire engines came, I'd try to keep the people quiet and out of the way of the fire department."

The thing that often saves many lives is the fact that the firemen are prompt.

Eleanor Johnston has the following to say about "Fire":

Fire is very useful when used in the right place. It is very destructive though, when it rages through homes, buildings or forests. Many people are killed by fire and millions of dollars are lost. The only thing that keeps people alive is good sense and an efficient fire department.

If there was a fire in our house, I would quickly awaken my family and get them out of the house. Then I would use the firebox and turn in the alarm, or if there was no fire box, I would use a neighbor's telephone and call the fire department. I would then try to get all the valuables out of the house. I would leave the rest to the firemen, and cooperate in any way I could.

The third contribution, that of Martina Tait of the Seventh grade, read:

What I Would Do At My House At Night In Case of Fire:

In case of a fire at my house at night, the first thing I would do would be to wake everyone in the house. Then I would telephone 100, which is the Fire Department's number and tell them the location of the fire. I would try and find out where the fire is and if it is not too bad I would try and put it out. Then I would get out of the house if no one else is in there, but if there is I would help them out first. Then I would get far enough away from the house so the flames and sparks will not burn me.

Mr. John Colban, the well known scenario writer, of Hollywood, spent last week-end in Carmel looking for local color for one of his forthcoming scenarios. He liked Carmel so well that he plans to spend several months here in the Spring.

Women Voters Group Hear Merit System Talk by Mrs. Jones

Thursday evening a meeting was held at Pine Inn sponsored by the Monterey County League of Women Voters. The speaker was Mrs. Doris Haney Jones of Santa Monica, who spoke on Guarding Principles and Establishing Civil Service System. Mrs. Jones had just returned from the Canadian-United States Civil Service Assembly in Ottawa and is chairman for the department called "Government and Its Organization".

Mrs. Jones was introduced by Miss Orre Haseltine, who said that voters should know more about civil service, the newer, more applicable forms.

Mrs. Jones pointed out that there are civil service systems in the United States that are not merit systems, and the objective should be in establishing civil service systems to see that the merit system is used. Some of the points of the system are: 1—People who are employed to perform civil services of the government should be the people for the job, and not the job for the people, and they should be the kind of people who can do the very best. 2—There should be opportunities for advancement and promotion, no pigeon-holed employment. 3—If there is a political turnover, there should be no separation from the service, and no dismissals under emotional strain. The merit system provides a way of not dismissing people when suitable.

Mrs. Jones stressed the fact again and again that there should be classified employees. That is the whole rock on which the system is built. It is a fundamental and basic point. There is also a standardization of salaries and authorization of the payroll.

The specification sheet, which contains, among other things, job analysis and public relations need, is an agency which entirely eliminates the unfit. The probationary period, which follows the examinations, should be considered part of the examination. Mrs. Jones also said that the retirement problem is just as important as getting in. Periodically service ratings should be made, and if an employee is slipping he should be told why. Employees do a better job if they have security.

The structures of the civil service are not alike. They should be based on what kind of government the town has. In a new agency there is always the problem of what to do with old employees. They ought to have qualifying tests to demonstrate in some degree that they are fit and able. There is too great an emphasis on seniority and too little on ability. The fundamental classification and salary range process should be guarded. There should be at least 150 or 200 employees to have the civil service system. It is not wise to have this system with less.

Perhaps There Was A Riot Last Night

We went to press too late to report, but there just might have been a riot in Carmel last night. All indications pointed to a "hot time" at least when the village was called out to a mass meeting to discuss the merit-system ordinance and choose the three members of the initial commission. Even if there were not two factions, there would be plenty of talk at such a meeting in Carmel, but with both sides girded for war, we advise mothers to see if there is anything left of the Sunset school before sending off their young hopefuls.

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George Seideneck With Catherine

In June the Californian ran an article on Catherine Seideneck, now it is George's turn, but, in all due respect to George Seideneck, we just can't keep Catherine out of this, even so he appeared in her article. They live and work together in such harmony and each compliments the other to such a degree that one finds it impossible to treat either one and ignore the other.

The Seidenecks have now realized the dream of almost every artistic person, perhaps I should say, almost every person. They have settled on a beautifully situated piece of earth about eleven miles up the Carmel valley where they have a gorgeous view of the deep green rolling hills, close across the valley, and of the bleached yellow hills and fields on the other three sides. Here they have planted their own orchard and vineyard which are already producing more fruit than they can use and causing Catherine to work hard at her canning. There they have chosen a spot surrounded by twisted oaks where they are slowly building their house and studio. Parts of the buildings are now complete so that they have a studio for both of them, a workshop for George, who is a versatile Jack-of-all-trades with a limitless amount of energy and ingenuity. They have living quarters and a small temporary kitchen.

Kitchen, that's it, that's the house, according to Catherine (now where's George gone?), it's where she spends most of her time, it is the center of the family, it is the social point of informal country people. So they have left the kitchen until the last, until they can put all their time and thought in finishing that part of the house. They have already laid the foundation and one can have an idea of their dream of a kitchen. A waxed-brick floor laid on a rock foundation shows that the kitchen is to be large and irregular in shape with a grand view up an alder and sycamore covered canyon. One end is to be the work shop, the other the place of dining, dividing it is to be a center room fireplace which faces the dining room table for cheer and grilling.

George, oh yes. George has a very large part to play in this dream, for he is the designer, and not only that, but he has done all the work with the occasional help of a Mexican boy from nearby. He has hauled and laid the rock and brick; he has installed the plumbing and wiring; and he has done all the carpentering. Outside of this, he does is to keep the ranch going—do architectural designing and overseeing building for other people; execute portrait commissions; do stage sets for local productions; tinker with second-hand machinery that he buys and puts into shape for the ranch, and, as a hobby, dabble in photography. It is well no wonder that they found they had to limit their visiting days to Sunday only.

George was born and educated in Chicago (and so was Catherine) where he studied at the Smith school. Going aboard he studied privately in England under Harry Briton, always working towards his goal as a fine portrait painter. From England he progressed to Munich, studying first at the Walter Thor School and then at the Royal Academy. This stage of his studies still predominates his work. The solidly molded heads and

the rich browns and greys of the Munich school.

Returning to America he taught portraiture at the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts. In 1918 he came West with a round-trip ticket, to paint the portraits of the missions. The return half of the ticket was never used. While in Carmel doing the mission he met Catherine and the combination of the future Mrs. Seideneck and Carmel was too much. She had preceded him to the West by about seven years, having been sent out by Chicago publishers to do a special embossed leather covered edition on Burbank. The project fell through and stranded her so she came to Carmel to teach Crafts in the old Arts and Crafts school.

They were married and their combined interest and trainings fitted together perfectly to launch them on a project of buying and remodeling old houses. George had always been interested in architecture and has the abilities of a Jack-of-all-trades; Catherine, though a painter too, had spent most of her life studying crafts and has an inherent taste for color combinations. So between them they could re-do a house inside and out and when necessary do all the work with their own hands. George carried on his remodeling and architectural designing, executed portrait commissions, taught at the Carmel Valley Ranch School and worked a great deal on the stage sets of all the local theatrical productions. He and Mrs. Seideneck took leave occasionally for trips, once to Europe for a long stay when they lived for two and a half years on Lake Garda taking side trips through Italy from there. They also lived for awhile in Saxony, near Dresden. While in Europe they both painted, occasionally studying privately under different masters.

Six years ago they bought their present ranch up the valley and dedicated all their spare time to developing a ranch-home where they could make themselves as self-sufficient as possible. They built roads, planted over five hundred trees and vines, started gardens and slowly evolved their home, furnishing it with beautiful pieces of antique furniture that they have picked up during their many travels, and with embossed leather panels and screens by Catherine and paintings and decorations from the brushes of both. There, on a Sunday they are to be found surrounded by friends, a most gracious and interesting pair of informal hosts, but beware the person that appears in mid-week when these human dynamos are turning out power for their many activities.

IRISH SWEEPSTAKES TAKE ALL, LEAVE NONE

No parties, my children, alas no parties. No Carmel people drew any favorites in the Irish sweepstakes drawing on Friday and Saturday. If anyone has a cousin in San Jose he might trek over there. Bob Green of San Jose drew Harwood, one of the favorites, but that is the closest to home we can find. Not even a consolation prize, except to home we can find. Not even a consolation prize, except for some of those who were lucky enough to find some U. S. C. money for Saturday's game. Not enough janitors in this town, it seems one has to be a janitor to get in on the Irish Sweepstakes

Carmel Red Cross Gives Relief Daily

"The symbol of the Red Cross is known as the symbol of an organization that is seeking to preserve humanity", said Mayor Harold H. Burton of Cleveland, Ohio, in a recent address.

Over twenty million dollars have already been expended in caring for and rehabilitating families in the Ohio and Mississippi valley flood. Two hundred fifty thousand persons in that vast region are still under Red Cross care.

Carmel chapter is daily giving relief, through hospitalization, nursing and medicine to those in need in this district. An average of thirty families are constantly under the supervision of the chapter and over five hundred dollars has been expended for milk during the past year for undernourished children. Clothing is in constant demand through a special department of the chapter.

This year's local budget has been set, by the officials, at \$3850. Through the welfare department the sum will be expended for local relief.

The annual Roll Call is scheduled to begin on Armistice Day, November 11 and continue until Thanksgiving. The chapter has accepted a quota of 800 memberships and to bring quick results a band of forty men and women will seek these memberships during the campaign period.

Already the Advance Subscription committee under the leadership of James L. Cockburn is making the approach to a selected number of past contributors. It is hoped that there will be an increase in the amount of the gifts for local work.

E. H. Ewig, chairman of the business district, hopes to secure 100 per cent enrollment from the establishments for the membership campaign. Red network N. B. C. will carry a special Red Cross program 12:30 to 1 P. M., Sunday, October 24.

Mrs. Marcia Gondam and Mrs. Ida Hanke left Friday for a week's trip to Southern California.

Peninsula Publicity In East Magazines

Herb Cerwin, publicity man for Del Monte, has just returned from the east coast, just missing the ill-fated transcontinental plane, to announce a series of articles and pictures of the peninsula to be carried this winter by national magazines. Those already with definite plans to give space to the Monterey area are Life, Vogue, Harper's Bazaar, Town and Country, Spur, Country Life, House Beautiful, Better Homes and Gardens, Look, American Magazine, the New York Times and New York Herald Tribune.

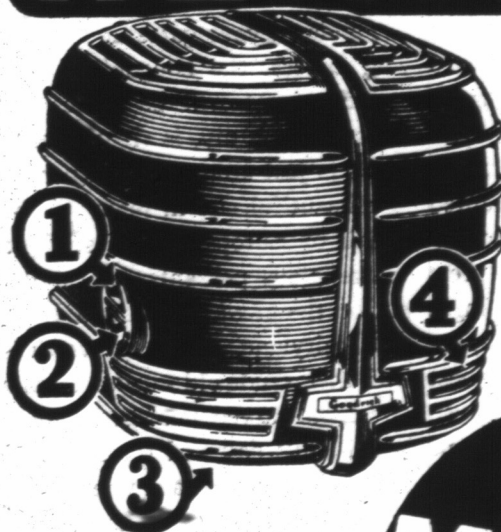
House Beautiful will feature homes of the Monterey Peninsula Country Club. Life will devote a section of pictures to the entire peninsula. Country Life will describe hunting wild boar in the Carmel Valley. Vogue is sending a fashion editor, photographer and models to photograph sports fashions against local backgrounds. Among the newspapers the New York Times will run an article explaining the difference between the three peninsula cities in their travel section. Cerwin reported more interest in the Monterey peninsula than ever before.

Argyll Caught By Equalization Board

Argyll Campbell's closing plea for the good character of Sade Latham at the Board of Equalization hearing, resulted in a verbal riot and much embarrassment. He concluded by denying that Sade ever sold alcoholic beverages to minors BUT he invited the ladies of the church present to inspect places in this town that served liquor to "little children". Immediately he was leaped upon by Referee E. A. McDonald and ordered to report those places to the Board.

After the meeting McDonald and State Control Officer Carl Crandall pumped Argyll for information on the places referred to. Certain interested parties were in the gallery wearing noticeable scowls. Argyll could think of but one place and that only from hearsay. Police Chief Bob Norton and Argyll had quite an argument over the technical point of what age constituted a child. Bob held out for grammar school age while Argyll ran it up to a person's majority or over. Final results were Argyll's request that "little children" be stricken off the records and "minors" be substituted.

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rely County, California, October 7,
1936.

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After all the confetti and brickbats have settled, we find the Californian still in its original hands. The same staff and the same publishers are putting out the paper. Rumor or no rumor, miscarried plans or no miscarried plans, here we are at the same old stand and so we shall be until such a day as you may see a change in the mast head. And who says that the Californian ads don't pay and attract attention; each member of our staff who advertised last week has received many answers. Thank you, but we are at work again.

* * *

With this issue we go back to the old form of the Californian. We have given the off-set process a fair trial, since the first of March to be exact, and find it lacking in many important respects. Our readers have liked the photographic reporting, but they have wanted more reading matter. The mechanical limits of the only off-set press on the peninsula prevented using a larger page and giving more space to our readers. So, at the request of our subscribers, we have given up the illustrated process to come back to our original form and its increased inch space devoted to the interests of the readers.

* * *

During the past week the Californian has been much in the position of the colored boy at a carnival concession who pokes his head through an aperture in a canvas backdrop in order that those interested (there are several born every minute) may attempt to hit him with baseball supplied by the barker. (At so much a crack.) The colored boy, as you probably remember, never gets hurt. A few bruises, a scar or two, but never a mortal injury. Likewise, the Californian.

We, of the Californian have a feeling of sincere confidence in this paper. This belief is something that has grown and grown during the time we have been connected with it. Grown, not out of an idle thought, but from the tangible reactions of our readers and adver-

tisers. By the fact that our subscription list is increased each and every week with the names of citizens who feel they are getting full value in news coverage, entertainment and general interest; by the advertisers who consistently report results from Californian ads; by the news stands who phone in with the welcome message, "we are all out of Californians; send some more." These facts show you why we feel that the Californian is a growing weekly newspaper and is a definite part of Carmel and the peninsula.

The remarks, written statements and idle gossip of the past week have led us to sincerely believe one more thing. That there are other people, namely among our competitors, who feel exactly as we do. And that these people are exactly in the same position as the late and well-known politician who "hated and feared and the Roman Pope". Any one with even a smattering of interest in psychology knows that there is always a reason for hate, and that quite often that reason is fear.

Therefore, why would Mr. Bassett state, as he did last week, that he had offered "four hundred smackers" for the paper to "put it out of its misery". Why is he so anxious to put it out of its misery? Is it fear perhaps? Why is The Pine Cone, as announced in last week's issue, so anxious to "bring order into an absurdly overcrowded newspaper field?" From fear, perhaps?

We are asking you to figure it out for yourselves. We, of the Californian, know the answer.—B. I.

* * *

Tie down your gates and tie up your horses, the hobgoblins with childish faces will be loose this week-end. Oh my, is right. Halloween is just around the corner. It is a beautiful rite in many of the North of Europe countries where the religious peasants set candles out on the graves, making a veritable fairyland of the graveyards with their crude old wooden crosses and hand-carved images. There it is All-Souls day and the souls are supposed to come back to earth for the night. The candles are to light the way. Over here the souls have changed to witches and goblins, they appeal more to the younger generation whose imagination runs wild on the subject of the favorite pastimes of such dark characters. More the pity.

While you are cursing some child who soaps your windows or rattles your window, give a thought to Police Chief Bob Norton and his department, augmented for the night. They put in a long hard night in keeping the children on the move and keeping the Monterey rowdy element from crossing the hill. Last year Bob dispatched his job with great acclaim. He and his force kept damage down to a minimum. They met all Monterey young men at the city limits and forcefully invited them back across the hill. Incidentally we think that Bob's idea to hold a party for the children on Halloween is an ad-

mirable idea. It keeps the children out of mischief and gives them a good time. The cost would be very little and the benefits to all concerned very high.

* * *

Rumor, that underhanded fellow, has spread through the village that the League of Women Voters has withdrawn its backing of the Merit System plan. We immediately got busy to trace that one down and found Clara Hinds, a League-of-Women-Voters member who is also on the committee to look into the Merit System. She immediately put us right. The League is non-partisan and therefore does not back any person or issue, they are a study club to thoroughly acquaint their women members with the political problems of the day so that they may vote intelligently. So la! to the rumor, the League was never back of the system. Members of the League have been back of it and being members, have added that prestige to the movement, but their backing has been purely personal. It does seem that Mrs. Doris Haney Jones' talk of Thursday night has made a lot of the women pause. Skeptics that they are, they don't believe Argyll Campbell's statement that the system would cost nothing, they don't believe that people will willingly give their time for nothing. Mrs. Jones' statement that the costs of the system are usually born by a 1 per cent tax on the wages of the cities' employees and that experts have found that a city will have to have at least 125 employees to "break even" has made the women pause. We have under 30 city employees and that \$25 to \$30 doesn't look very big. However, by the time you read this we shall all know more about it, unless last night's meeting ended in a riot. Unfortunately the press schedule forbids our holding the paper for what we are sure will be the party of the year.

* * *

Again we stick out our neck, a little sore by now. Now that another Irish Sweepstakes' drawing has taken place and the papers have announced that half the prizes go to Americans we get into our periodic state of wondering how many millions of dollars flow out of this country to benefit those hospitals in Ireland, a worthy cause no doubt. We have a worthy cause here in our country; read any paper any day, or just listen to any group of individuals. It's that tax burden. Why should we be held down by vestigial puritanism and be shocked at the government legalizing and even conducting gambling? Legislation can no more stop the human instinct to gamble than it could stop people from drinking. The only logical thing to do would be to bring it to the open and turn the profits to the good of us all as is done in many latin countries. Hard on the Irish and the Chinese perhaps, but think of the relief to the taxpayer. The proof of the good that can be done by legalized gambling is already showing itself here in California where the benefits from a pari-mutuel betting are

TAKE A LETTER

The Editor of the Californian,
Dear Sir: I am enclosing a letter I have mailed to Mr. Bassett of the "Cymbal", explaining my connection with what he terms "trouble" in the Post Office. I would very much appreciate if you would print this letter in your paper.

Thanking you, I am,

Sincerely,

ELAINE CARTER.

Oct. 24, 1937.

Mr. W. K. Bassett
Carmel, Calif.

Dear Mr. Bassett:

In writing this open letter I request that you give the same amount of publicity in your "Cymbal" of the 29th that you have given me in this week's edition.

The facts concerning your charges, I agree, would be humorous in the extreme were it not for the sinister implications back of it and the effort to discredit the Carmel postmaster and her clerks in their service to their government. Most of your statements are not borne out by facts.

Your second installment of bags of pine cones were received by morning dispatch clerk on Sunday, October 10. They were not being kicked about the place, but were placed in the rear office until such time as it was convenient for you to call for them.

The two inspectors in question arrived Friday morning, the 8th of October and left Saturday afternoon the 9th, so they had not been "messing round for days".

When the Postmaster told you a new parcel post system had been put into effect and that the inspectors had boxed some of the cards on Saturday, she told the truth, as I had so informed her. That your card was among those they boxed I later learned could not have been possible as the controversial bags arrived on Sunday. I was so informed by the dispatcher and as soon as I learned that I was at fault I so informed the Postmaster and asked if I might call and explain it to you after I checked out in the afternoon (Thursday) which I did on my own time. I did not then realize it was a personal matter, I thought, as a newspaper man, you wanted the truth.

When you state that I arrived at your office in a "state of excitement" it is a figment of your imagination, there was no desire to dodge an issue, quite the reverse, it was a desire to assume the blame for my own error. I never said Mrs. Cator was mistaken. Had she been I should not have bothered to "trail you". I told you it was my mistake. Your insinuation of the fear element is misleading and false.

Of course the old Carmelites are well aware that the Carmel trouble-makers are indulging in their favorite sport of making an issue of something, anything. Divided into groups and having a glorious battle. Regardless of the innocent victims. They drove Edward Kuster's Little Theatre movement out of town, after his year of effort for them. They are now out to attack the Carmel Post Office, specially Mrs. Irene Cator, P. M. Regardless of the great improvement in the office and her ceaseless efforts and long hours for the good of the service, which is appreciated by the fair-minded, representative Carmel residents.

In view of the discrepancies you have made in your articles I do not feel that either as a purveyor of news or the education you claim the government wants us to receive from reading your "Cymbal" can be of further use to me, so I herewith ask to cancel the balance of my subscription. Thanking you, I am Sincerely,
ELAINE TOWNSEND CARTER.

(Editor's note: We have long been trying to get reactions to our front page, verbally they have all been turned over to the counties for cash prizes at County Fairs. It can be done, we think it should be done . . . but there is still that Puritan ghost hanging around.

favorable, but then many people are afraid to criticize before one's face. Our new form prevents a full page, but we are considering continuing with a smaller design on the cover such as is on this issue. The writer of the letter below will be pleased at the reduced size of the drawing, but not, we fear, at its subject).

Editor of the Californian:

It was my good fortune to visit your City of Charm last June. Since 1909 I have visioned such a place which one day I had hoped to find, and when I motored into Carmel I felt my quest was ended. Later I subscribed for your valued paper, The Californian. My first copy to arrive had for the frontpiece a picture of the Rev. and Mrs. White two of your distinguished citizens—the next copy somewhat startled me with the distorted reflections of some artist's imagination, and from then on each week come similar drawings of what we can honestly call rude and grotesque imagination, and while it takes a clever artist to originate this style of drawing, one knows he is capable of portraying much finer work.

From my viewpoint I feel such a front page to Carmel's leading newspaper is not befitting the Esthetic quality of your delightful City. It is neither inspirational nor educational. If a comic strip must be necessary to attract the public could it not be relegated to an inside page, thereby adding some of the glorious beauty Carmel is so blessed with which will have its effect upon our minds, thereby having a tendency to elevate and develop our taste for some of the finer things in life.

I write this without any knowledge of "who is who" in Carmel. I have neither acquaintances or friends there, simply a wish for Carmel that beautiful gem by the sea to stand as a Vestal Virgin bedecked with a raiment of glorious nature to bestow upon the weary traveler who kneels at her feet.

A. B. W.—SUBSCRIBER,
Los Angeles.

SINGLE ROPING

By ELEANOR IRWIN

Why this sudden reserve about all controversial subjects? For several weeks we have been trying to interest our friends in various subjects to be met with a bland expression and the comment that they do not wish to commit themselves. The really amazing thing about the whole situation is that they are sincere. Why? We are products of the era of depression (we almost called it impression) of 1929. During the long years that followed every one we knew, (more than were good for us we dare say) was more than willing to express an opinion on any subject. Just bring up the idea and you had as many answers as there were persons in the room. Now things have changed. Why?

Has the radio, that beautiful instrument that brings us the Philharmonic and Ma Perkins changed our lives?

Perhaps.

When you consider the dreadful fact that every hour, perhaps more, brings one broadcast of the world events so vital today, and that they all look for some novelty to include in the program, perhaps we cannot blame the man on the street, or in his home, for fearing to make a definite statement on any subject.

The one thing we all fear is ridicule and that is meat and flour to the radio broadcaster.

James, bring the ancestral armor, the one in the upper hall, and take a letter . . . this armour is confining. Ready. All right, here we go. We grew up in the back country where all footwear had high heels and all hats were wide. We heard much so-called music . . . we loved it.

Lately we have been afflicted by hearing all our favorite songs, the old range songs that definitely belong to the cowboy, sung in the northern-section-of-the-south manner. This is untrue, unpatriotic and inexcusable.

FLASHLIGHTS

Argyll Campbell and Bob Norton arguing as to just how young a person must be to be considered a "small child".

To use a football term, Argyll being caught in a "mouse trap" play.

The boiling re-actions of certain councilmen to Mr. Campbell.

The sharp division of sides in the council room at the Sade hearing.

The tearful Monday farewells of the office staff.

The "hello again" and "fawncy-seeing you here" on Wednesday morning.

The number of people coming into the office with photographs or photographic possibilities since we went off the off-set standard . . . why didn't they come before?

A Carmel canine citizen choosing the middle of Ocean Avenue for his siesta.

A sharp-shinned hawk taking an awful beating from a flock of black-birds above Ocean Avenue.



Adrienne Lillico, after getting all dressed, finding her slip too long and having one of her friends cut off two inches with the shears.

A very happy elderly woman at Del Monte exclaiming: "I don't see why they don't have conventions every day."

Phil Nesbit in the market for a railroad.

Minors grumbling about Argyll's "brodie", as they term it.

Sade, the name most often heard over the week-end.

Janie and Clay Otto's young hopeful wearing his present pride and joy, a community chest button, and calling his mother when she attempted to pin it on the lapel of his coat with, "That's not my chest!" "What," says Clay, "does he think is his community?"

Sally no more able to hound the editor with "have we enough photographs for this week".

Corum Jackson with his feet on the desk after office hours.

Sammy Sierka getting gentlemen to unload greenery from her car and carry it into the house and being locked out of the house by the aforementioned gentlemen.

Leila Mather not even being slowed down by hot weather.

Ray Burn's seat on the 50-yard line for Saturday's games . . . at Whitney's.

Jack Gilbert settling down to enjoy the New York Philharmonic broadcast but choosing a weather-worn canvas chair in which to settle and being dumped unceremoniously.

A surprised visitor seeing a charming Carmelite in a long beach-robe and asking of her local guide, "what's that?" and getting the bored answer, "that's just one of the standard Carmel costumes."

The surprise of the young lady who neighs like a horse to hear herself

WHY ALL THIS

By R. A. F.

I have had naught to do with villages and so of course that makes me just the guy to write about them.

The fog of summer has cleared away, thank the Lord, and left a clear view of places, things and characters. And I'm thankful as I'm sure we all are for that clever view. Amen.

A larger community would not be enveloped as our fair village was enveloped. To a larger community this influx of despicabilities would be as one bee on the flower. To Carmel or Carmel as in candy—as the great American Tourist calls it—it is as hornets' nest on a dime.

Of course they are a livelihood to our merchants but I'm not referring to those characters who are unobtrusive and docile and who do make for the prosperity of the community but to those who "take over". I'm referring to those who limit the possibility of a safe passage across a back street, the purchase of a long cool one, a seat in our own theatre, or a chop in our own food palace.

At the risk of appearing as a character who reeks with dull platitudes I don't want to say that Carmel is as yet, virgin territory. I don't want to say that but I hope it stays that way. Here is a character who's thankful that the fog has cleared away and our view is no longer obscured.

Well, we have beautiful places, wonderful things and interesting characters. Right now I want to pontificate about these characters and their attitudes. They are kind and their hearts are large. They're sociable but they want nothing from you but that which you wish to give. You may give of your heart and your soul and your mind and your body but they'll not misuse you. They bid you to comfort and to ease, they make you act yourself. That is the common creed of these characters.

They are individuals from the tops of their heads to the tips of their toes, all of them. These are the characters that give to Carmel. The fog of summer has cleared away and the dime is shining again.

neighing on the beach, she thought she had the habit until it was pointed out to her that there was a pony following her . . . And that might be even worse.

A young lady trying to make an impression on two haughty beach-boys and running gracefully on the beach only to trip on a stick and fall on her nose . . . the boys finally noticed her.

An attempted Shanghai in our midst. Kim Moore and one of our strong-armed builders known as Mike attempting to shanghai a popular her-haired lad. The lad showed well against his huskier opponents and put them both down. "Another S and S please Tex".

Ray Burns' sound asleep in the lobby of the La Ribera Hotel at 2:30 Sunday morning, waiting for a street car or something.

Eavesdropper, hearing a pretty young thing telephoning in Whitney's, she asked for the return of her shoes for which she would trade his suit which is still in her patio, but he shouldn't be so suspicious, of course she doesn't have his shorts . . . the eavesdropper dropped in a faint.

The first Manila galleon arrived in Monterey on October 11, 1779.

MONARCH BUTTERFLIES
LOOK FOR WINTER HOME

The advance guard is here scouting around for winter quarters for the annual invading hordes. No, we're not talking about human visitors this time, but Lepidopteran visitors. You have undoubtedly seen them, the big, reddish-brown monarch butterflies floating in and out among the pine trees. The butterfly trees in Pacific Grove have long been a wonder of scientists, here each year the monarch butterflies from all over the State gather to hibernate in clinging masses on a few trees always in the same neighborhood, but usually different pines. They are the only native butterflies to gather for the winter, and, so far as is generally known.

Mrs. Schneider who owns an auto camp in the vicinity of the trees, has made a study of them and reports that every year the flight of scouts come and spend about a month or six weeks selecting the trees for the winter's hibernation. The heavy flight of butterflies is usually around the first of November, though the date varies, and oddly enough, they go directly to the trees selected by the scouts. With the coming of spring, they disperse and return mainly to the high mountains as soon as the snows melt.

NEW BOOKS AT SUNSET

Since the opening of school, the Sunset school library has been increased with a considerable number of new books. These include the following titles:

Bachelor, "A Boy for the Ages"
Crodin, "All the Year Round"
Salt, "Mighty Engineering Feats"
Porter-Hansen, "The Pond Book"
Porter-Hansen, "Fields and Fences-rows"

Ah Hu and Ying Hwa, "Our Little Friends in China"

Wilson & Erb, "Ways of Living in Many Lands"

"Where Our Ways of Living Come From"

"Living in the Age of Machines"
"Richer Ways of Living"
"Youth Studies Alcohol"
"Little Pictures of Japan"
"Nursery Friends from France"
"Tales Told in Holland"

"Picturesque Tales of Progress", an eight-volume set, beautifully printed and illustrated, published by The Bookhouse for Children, and the same type as the regular "Bookhouse" set.

During the summer about 125 additional volumes were purchased for the library.

STAFF OF SUNSET GLOW

Appointment of the following students as members of the school newspaper staff has been announced by Miss Anna Marie Baer, faculty adviser for the "Sunset Glow":

Howard Levinson, Editor; Marilyn Strasburger, Assistant Editor; Margaret Coffin, Chief Reporter; William Lange, Art Committee; June Petty, Art Committee; Patty Ann Ryland, Art Committee; Laurel Bixler, Art Committee; Tommy Berry, Mimeograph; Willia Lange, Stencil.

Christian Science
Services

First Church of Christ, Scientist, Carmel

Monte Verde Street, one block North of Ocean Avenue, between Fifth and Sixth

Sunday School 9:30 a. m.

Sunday Service 11 a. m.

Wednesday Evening Meeting 8 p. m.

Reading Room

Ocean Avenue, near Monte Verde
Open Week Days 11 a. m. to 5 p. m.
Open Every Evening Except Wednesday and Sundays, 7:00 to 9:00

Holidays 1 to 5 p. m.

Public Cordially Invited

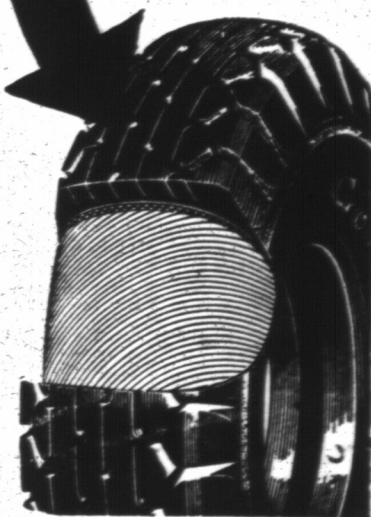
SOMEBODY HAD TO INVENT
A SAFER TIRE

GOODRICH DID IT—AND WE HAVE IT

CARS have been made safer; highways improved—still thousands are killed or injured every year in blow-out accidents! Realizing that the terrific heat generated inside all tires at high speeds was the great unseen cause of blow-outs, Goodrich engineers set to work to develop a safer tire—a tire that would give real blow-out protection.

Their answer was the Goodrich Silvertown with the Life-Saver Golden Ply. The Golden

Ply is a layer of special rubber and full-floating cords, scientifically treated to resist this terrific blowout-causing heat. And think of it! The Goodrich Safety Silvertown is the only tire in the world with this Life-Saver Golden Ply. Play safe. Come in and let one of our experts show you how this amazing device protects you against dangerous high-speed blow-outs. And remember, Silvertowns cost even less than other super-quality tires.



Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

With Life-Saver Golden Ply Blow-Out Protection

San Carlos Motor Sales

San Carlos at Seventh

Carmel

A NEW
REMINGTON PORTABLE

Costs You Only 10¢ A Day

Inquire at

SPENCER'S

HOUSE OF CARDS

Shadows on the Mirror

There is a rumor that Virginia once said she had built a dress around one button. Virginia is a smart girl, she knows a lot about this business of self-adornment. Her type of beauty leans to the unusual and she wisely caters to that, enhancing it with simple clothes accented by odd high lights. This brings us to the point of today's dissertation for it is one of the fine points that confuses many people.

Every fashion magazine in the country, every store in California, every shop in Carinel, offers tempting gadgets, fantasies no less, with which to adorn the feminine person. The head may carry flowers, beads, feathers, tinsel, lace, the family canary or the stuffed fish the M. I. (masculine interest to you, Frances) caught last spring. Exaggeration? Certainly not. If you can wear a little naked cupid with rhinestone bow and arrows on your bosom why not a fish in the hair? Greater excesses have been committed in the name of fashion.

There was a time when the decorations atop a woman's head reached amazing proportions. A ship in full sail was among the favorites but perhaps the choicest of the lot was known as the Bunker Hill or America's Headress which represents the battle, with tents, fortifications, cannon and battalions. From the crests of the three hills of the head-dress which are duly fortified and defended with soldiery and cannon, three banners flew, on which figured, respectively, a goose, a monkey and two ladies holding arrows. The lower portion of the head-dress represented a sea fight. Yes, my sweets, really!

If I see any of you decked out like this you'll find yourselves in the Flashlight column, with illustrations.

As we were saying before this rude interruption, there are innumerable

NATURE STUDIES NATURE



A PELICAN'S PELLY

*Pelicans they fly in a "V"
Because, it seems, it helps 'em see,
It keeps the wind out of their eyes.
But what about the leading guys?*

—Done Standing.

gadgets on the market these days. Among the lot will be something becoming to every woman, it all hinges on native good taste. If you have the sense and knowledge of yourself you will select something that is becoming as well as smart. Too many women buy clothes or accessories merely because they are smart. There is no excuse for this. If you study the women who are acclaimed the best-dressed in the world you will see that they choose their effects carefully, when they appear in a fantasy you may be sure that it is a becoming one.

To descend from the crowning glory to the clothes that most of us will wear this winter. Nothing is smarter or more comfortable than the old sweater and skirt combination. There are lots of sweaters that are not expensive but have great variety of color and mood. A collection of these worn with a neutral skirt

and jacket will create that comfortable feeling of having a real wardrobe and yet it is not a strain on the pocketbook. If it does pay, however, to have a good skirt, they wear twice as long as the cheaper variety and do not acquire that unpleasant bulge below the fanny that the cheaper varieties will get after a few days' wear. A man's suiting makes an excellent tailored skirt and one that will keep its original trim lines.

Yes, the moral of this little story is very easy to see... economize on the sweaters but let yourself go on the skirt. It's worth the strain.—N. L.

Week-End Specials Way Back In 1788

In the California of 1788 you could buy a horse, a cow, a sheep or a pair of spurs for less than the price of one pair of silk stockings. This luxury sold for \$4.50, the same price as a sword, or a gun, though this latter article could run up to \$16. A linen shirt was valued at \$6.00, but a pound of fresh beef was only worth a penny.

Saddles sold from \$12 to \$16 but many of them carried several hundred dollars more in silver ornaments. Gunpowder was \$1.00 per pound and brandy 75 cents a pint, when you could get it. Tobacco, a government monopoly, cost \$1.25 a pound.

Two ships a year visited this coast from Mexico but many times they failed to arrive. Trading with other vessels was strictly against the law, a ruling which the colonists obeyed from lack of opportunity to do anything else. At this time there were practically no visitors in the Pacific waters.—N. L.

PERSONALLY SPEAKING

Peninsulans who attended the Yehudi Menuhin concert in San Jose Thursday evening were: Mrs. Katherine McFarland Howe, Miss Winifred Howe, Miss Ann Greene, Mrs. John Cocke, Mr. and Mrs. Whitney Palache, Mrs. Herbert John Morse, Mrs. James Parker, Mrs. Joseph Schoeninger, Mr. and Mrs. Willard Wheeler, Miss Lorena Ray, Miss Margaret Lial, Miss Emily Pitkin, Miss Hester Schoeninger, Dr. R. M. Hollingsworth, Miss Violet Whitney, Dr. and Mrs. Mast Wolfson, Mrs. Mildred Sahlstrom Wright, Miss Katherine Lorentzen, Miss Margaret Furness, Mary Walker, Colonel F. H. Ziegler, and Mr. Noel Sullivan.

One of the most successful parties of the year was given Monday evening by Libby Ley with the able assistance of Ray Burns. Among the guests were Marian Whitney, Beth Staley, Barbara Murphy, Adrienne Lillico, Janet Large, Frances Wardner, Mary Wheldon, Mr. and Mrs. Rex Flaherty, Mr. and Mrs. Remo Scardigli, Mr. and Mrs. Dale Leidig, Jim Carpenter, Willard Whitney, Don Clark, Sam Colburn, Ted Watson, Colin Alderman, Lieutenant Lewis Maverick, Frank Work, Louis Conlan, Phil Nesbitt, Jon Konigshofer, Dave Davis, Fred Peabody.

Two Carmel residents have been appointed to assist in the membership campaign of the Watsonville Cooperative Concert Association. They are Mrs. Millicent Sears and Mrs. Myrtle Stoddard. The group is planning to hold a series of winter concerts.

Major W. E. Kneass and William Jr. returned to Carmel Thursday and will occupy their home on Fourth and Camino Real.

Miss Petite Crowell, of San Francisco, was the guest of Miss Mary Louise Keiran last week-end.

We hear from Happy Whyte from various points across the Continent, and she still misses Carmel and wants to come back.

John P. Medberry, scenario writer and radio commentator, from Los Angeles, left last week after spending a few days at La Playa Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Herron entertained at a delightful dinner party Sunday evening honoring Bert Herron, whose birthday it was. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. George Seideneck, Lady Lucy Luck, Mr. and Mrs. P. A. MacCreery, Miss Dixie McSheffery, Mr. Bob Grindlay, Mr. Gail Chandler, and Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Heron.

Mr. and Mrs. John Mather are leaving Carmel the 20th of November for Dallas, Tex., where John will go in business with his father-in-law, Mr. Wiott Rankin Sr.

John Von Saltza spent the week-end in Carmel.

Mrs. Shutter, of Santa Monica, who has been spending the last three weeks in Carmel as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. George MacBeth, left last week to return to her home.

Mr. Lou Lanzer of Long Beach left Saturday after three days spent on the Peninsula.

Alastair Miller, English poet and novelist, who has been spending several months at the Highlands, left Tuesday for England. He has just about finished his new novel whose plot is laid in Cartagena, Colombia, and California. He expects to have it reach the book stands shortly after Christmas. Mr. Miller wrote "Stages of Pursuit" and "The Man of Gingerbread".

Mr. and Mrs. Paul N. Conlon, from Hollywood, are leaving Carmel soon after spending a few days here as the guests of the La Playa Hotel. Mr. Conlon is a photographer in the southern part of the state.

Mr. Alec Straith, of "George Straith, Limited", Victoria, B. C., is spending two weeks in Carmel as the guest of La Playa Hotel.

Miss Frances Sheltman and Miss Katherine Humbargar, both of Stockton, spent last week-end in Carmel as the guests of Forest Lodge.

Stanton Delaplayne, formerly of Carmel and now with the San Francisco Chronicle, spent a few days in town this week.

Friends in Carmel of Sonia Lickowski will be glad to hear that she has been given a major part in a New York Little Theater production. The play, as yet unnamed, will open next month.

Among the Carmelites seen dancing at Del Monte Saturday night were Marian Sutro, Adrienne Lillico, Nancy Gross, Mr. and Mrs. Palmer Beaudette, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Hudson, John Bunn, and Henry Dickinson.

Warner Jensen and his wife, Ann Harding, are spending a few days on the Peninsula.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Bare are expected to return to Carmel the latter part of this week, after spending about ten days in the Bay region.

Louis Conlan has returned to Carmel after spending three weeks in San Francisco.

Eleanor Morehead, Milt Latham, Betty Rae Sutton, Ted Leidig, John and Gordie Campbell, and Sam Colburn were among the Carmelites who attended the California-U. S. C. game at Berkeley Saturday.

Henry Dickinson left Monday evening for a four day's business trip to the southern part of the state.

Mrs. Pauline Adams and Miss Margaret Buchanan, from Piedmont, left Sunday after spending a week in Carmel, staying at the Playhouse.

Mrs. Lee A. Parker and her son, Lee, from South Pasadena, spent last week-end in Carmel visiting Mrs. Parker's mother, Mrs. Louise Rask.

Nancy and Carl Von Saltza have changed their plans about staying in New York for the winter, and will return to Carmel around the middle of November.

Miss Margaret Clark's cousin, Mrs. Dyle, who has been spending the summer with her, left Saturday to return to her home in the South.

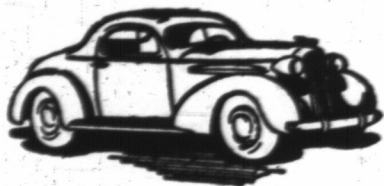
Dr. and Mrs. James L. Hughes left Sunday for a week's stay in San Francisco where Dr. Hughes will attend a dental convention.

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DECISION ON SADE PETITION DELAYED

(Continued from page 1)

city's side was represented by Rev. Homer S. Bodley. Argyll Campbell represented Sade. It seems that Sade's proposed new place of business is between 40 and 50 feet from the Community Church. The church members, headed by Rev. Bodley, led the fight against the issuance of a license to Sade and circulated a petition, gathering, so they said, the signatures of all people residing within 400 feet of the proposed restaurant and bar. The signatures of these people are needed, according to a city ordinance, to obtain a local license to open a place of business. McDonald, having made a survey of the block, described the layout implying that the majority of places were residences. Campbell reminded him that it was a business district, according to the city zoning law.

Rev. Bodley objected to the issuance of the license on the grounds of its close proximity to his church, that it would create a disturbance during church and meeting hours. It would, he said, present a bad frontage for people and especially children going to and from church. It would create an objectionable atmosphere around his church. He quoted a similar situation in San Rafael where they had had trouble. McDonald reminded Rev. Bodley that the place would be orderly, as is demanded by state law. Church people present took exception to that and order had to be called. Rev. Bodley also stated that the Episcopal church was immediately to the rear of the property in question.

Argyll Campbell questioned Rev. Bodley to find if he had seen or heard of anything objectionable to the way Sade's present place was run. He had heard of some he said, but knew of nothing to his own knowledge, nor did he know the character of the clientele. Mr. Campbell went on to show that children coming from any direction but Ocean Avenue would not have to pass the property and that those coming from Ocean Avenue would have to pass a shop dispensing liquor. Rev. Bodley admitted this and was unable to tell of anytime that his parishioners had been bothered by people using Ocean Avenue resorts. To Argyll Campbell's final question, "If the place is run properly, how could it affect your parishioners?" Rev. Bodley replied, "By the embarrassment of its very presence."

Attorney Campbell reminded Police Commissioner Burge and Mayor Smith that they were disqualified to talk as members of the council when they attempted to make a comment. Burge, as a private citizen, brought up the fact that Sade is to enlarge the place towards the church. Milt Latham, as Sade's architect, told the court that the extension would be seventeen feet and would house the kitchen and restaurant and would not be used for drinking purposes.

Property owners were called up to present their objections. The first was Miss De Neale Morgan, who has owned and lived in a studio across the street from the property for 28 years. She objected to any liquor place on her street even if it were to be run in an orderly fashion. Campbell reminded the court that Miss Morgan's place is now included in the business zone. Mrs. Dummage, who owns business property on the corner of Lincoln and Ocean for the past 17 years, objected because she felt it would depreciate the value of her property. Another objector was Miss Mary Burt Messer who has just leased an apartment in which to practice Christian Science.

Witnesses for Sade were: Frederick Burt, who testified to orderliness of Sade's present place, and Harold Aucourt, owner of the property in question, who has lived next to the church for 20 years. He testified to Sade's character and said that he had never seen an evening meeting in the church. They are all held behind the church 75 or 80 feet away. Grace

Suggest a Folk Museum In Monterey

It seems a shame that with the wealth of material and background on the Monterey peninsula there is not a more adequate museum. So few of the adobes are open to visitors that many tourists are extremely disappointed. Many of the residents on the peninsula have never seen the interiors of any of these old buildings save the Customs House and possibly the jail (perish the thought that any of our readers have spent much time there). How much do the children growing up in California know of the furniture, the clothes, the household equipment used in the pioneer days? If just one of these buildings could be purchased by the state or the community and correctly furnished in the manner of the period it would be of immense educational value as well as a great pleasure to local residents and visitors.

The eastern states have long maintained "House Museums" of this type. Why don't we act before it is too late? The old things are going fast and the old houses are being transformed into modern affairs.

This section of the country was the center of civilization on the Pacific Coast for many years, it has a wealth of material that has hardly been touched so far.

In Monterey, on the Mesa, is the Boronda adobe, built in 1817. It is the oldest residence in California and would make an ideal museum. There are four acres of ground surrounding the place that could be made into the most attractive type of park.

The idea is well worth considering. We are not trying to discredit the Customs House as a museum, far from it. This idea is to establish an entirely different type of thing.—N. L.

Mathews Case, who runs a millinery shop on the corner, thought that Sade's move would bring increased business for her and did not see how it could decrease the value of the property.

Sade Latham herself was next called to the stand by Argyll Campbell, to describe her present place and its clientele. She denied that anyone had ever been arrested there and thinks the character of her clientele "wonderful". She testified in answer to a question that she wouldn't have to be asked to close her place during divine services, she had already determined to do that. Rev. Bodley said that that would make absolutely no difference.

Campbell next brought out what he termed to be the unfairness of the present city ordinance governing the application for licenses. The signatures of every resident within 400 feet of the proposed place have to be obtained, that, he insisted was impossible anywhere in Carmel. He agreed that Carmel didn't need any more bars, but to discriminate against a woman who had conducted an orderly business in Carmel for over eight years was an outrage. The hearing ended here and Referee McDonald said that the findings would be presented to the board at their next regular meeting in Sacramento, November 2, and the interested parties would be notified by mail. They could appeal the decision, but the hearing of the appeal would have to take place in Sacramento.

In 1794 the San Carlos Mission had its greatest Indian population.

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ON THE BOOKSHELF Sherman Rose Tale

By The Reader

There seems another angle to the great Napoleon cycle that can be written about and enjoyed by those interested in this unique soldier and politician. Napoleon and his generals, Napoleon and Josephine, Napoleon and Marie Louise have been written of many times, but his most appealing love affair, his most sincere and honest one, has been seldom handled and never more ably than in "So Great a Man", by David Pilgrim. This new novel is one of the finest historical novels of the year. Against a correct and rich background denoting long and painstaking research, is built a story full of excitement, adventure, romance, and mystery.

The characters are alive and the novel will long remain an unforgettable experience. While on Napoleon mention could be made of another interesting novel of that period, "The Ballad of the Hundred Days" by Joseph Roth is a heartbreaking study of the breakup of a strong man.

A most amusing book, one with the lusty, boisterous stamp of the racials, pioneers, cranks and saints who went to make up the beginnings of our West, is "Salute to Yesterday" by Gene Fowler. Captain James Job Trolley, who fought in the battle between the Monitor and the Merrimack, is one of the most original and refreshing characters to appear on the American fiction horizon. He should be numbered in the company that includes such wild and uproarious characters as the three Musketeers, Don Quixote, and Cyrano de Bergerac. This book is American humor at its best, the noisy minority fighting the smug respectability of thieves in high places.

A profound and beautiful novel by Heinrich Mann is "Young Henry of Navarre". This story seethes with intrigue, terror, and nobility, against the background of a France in the throes of a deadly civil war between Huguenots and Catholics. Henry is shown as a man of tolerance in an age of violence, and a man of great personal courage and common sense. From his early training in far-off Navarre he learned sympathy for the lowly of this world, from his mother, Jeanne, he learned courage, and from Catherine de Medici, his mother-in-law, he learned guile. For admirers of Heinrich Mann and Henry of Navarre this book should prove of great interest.

"The Seven Who Fleed" is a timely book by Frederick Prokosch. This novel won the Harper Prize Novel Competition for 1937-1938, the judges this year being Sinclair Lewis, Louis Bromfield and Thornton Wilder. Against the rich background of Chinese Turkestan, the dreadful Gobi desert, the snows of the Kuenlun mountains, lost villages and plague ridden cities, is worked out the destiny of seven Europeans suddenly forced for political reasons to flee a city in Central Asia. The group, who joined a Chinese caravan bound for Szechuan, was composed of a Russian, a Belgian, a German, an Austrian, an Englishman, and a Frenchman with his Spanish wife. The suspense and drama of the story, the brilliance of the writing and the descriptions all make a compelling novel.

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Pays for a Party

We agree that fun is fun, but this debunking business has gone far enough. Remember all the beautiful legends we loved so dearly when we were young and full of romance, also extremely full of sentiment. How we loved the tales of unrequited love, those stories in which the beautiful, dewy-eyed heroine died for love. The vital part of the whole story was the supremely divine flower that sprang into bloom over her grave, watered by the tears of her lover who always lived to repent his cruelty. For years the sight of mateeha (how the hell do you spell it) poppy opening to the morning sun filled us with tears and gentle sighs.

Perhaps the best of all was the tragic tale of Senorita Bonifacio and the young lieutenant named Sherman. Don't you remember that they planted a rose in her garden and watered it with their combined tears when he was ordered East again? He promised her that he would return when the rose bloomed and claim her for his bride. The years went slowly by, and the rose grew into a mighty tree. It bloomed all the year round. The senorita was old before she heard that Sherman was returning to California, but that "they spoke of his wife".

And now the roses, red as her heart's blood, flame eternally over her grave.

Do you know how the story started? This is the saddest part of our whole reflection. That beautiful shining thing called TRUTH beckons and we must come clean.

Some years ago a man by the name of Daniel O'Connell, under the stress of an empty pocket book, (the mother of invention perhaps), took his quill in hand, and, on an ordinary piece of white paper such as this, he evolved the story of the Sherman Rose. He needed money to buy liquid refreshment for his Bohemian Club friends. He got it! Women read the tale and burst into tears, even strong men wept.

Mr. O'Connell invited the poets and artists of Monterey to dine and drink, the party has gone down in history. Moral: fiction is debunked but a good drinking party continues to stomp down the stairs of history.

Good night, Ladies.—N. L.

"BY CANDLELIGHT" AT GREEN ROOM

This week-end Carmelites will have another opportunity to see Siegfried Geyer's "By Candlelight" which will be presented by Ted Kuster in the Golden Bough Green Room Saturday and Sunday evenings. This sparkling comedy of old Vienna was directed by Ted two years ago just before the burning of the old Golden Bough Theater, and has recently been running in San Francisco with marked success. The cast is being brought down from San Francisco and includes Deane Willoughby, Edward Gird, Walter Fell, Maurice Dee, She-lagh Gulde, Frank Beckman, Gabrielle and Edward Kuster.

COCO-NAUGHTS

By ADRIENNE LILLICO

There is very little else quite so enervating as learning to drive a new typewriter. A woman in particular takes on the appearance of a stork dipping its feet in cold water. No matter what the structure of her may be (the woman, not the stork), she glides back and forth flipping this and that, getting fingernails caught in the tabular key, shrieking that she has discovered some method by which the machine will do something else, finally to end up listening to the mechanics with head bent low to the ticking keys, only to find upon raising to the normal sitting position, that her hair has been winding into the type.

People who look at you with a critical expression and then inform you to "pull yourself together" are most distracting. There is nothing more insane than expecting a person to pull himself together, when anyone who is alive enough to be criticized, is naturally all in one piece, physically at least. One could very well expect to flip about picking up his legs here or an ear down on Lincoln or perhaps one of his collar bones in front of the post office, if we would take our American lingo seriously. Neither would any Carmelite be entirely satisfied to be found "flying off the handle" of some large broom or mop, by the delivery boy or the Western Union messenger.

Sitting with her face in her hands, practically launching her body into her fruit salad, a pouting young lady remarked that she felt like dressing up like Mrs. Astor's horse and going dancing at Del Monte Saturday night. Mrs. Astor's horse would have no desire to go dancing at Del Monte. One can't very well imagine, even with a vivid sense of imagination, this lovely young lady, bit in teeth, bridle dragging on the floor, galloping with loud "neighs" about the ball room.

There is nothing more delightful than meeting a friend who asked "how are you". Especially when you answer, "I'm so happy" and Friend comes back with a dull "Why?"

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Insanity In the Fall

By SAM COLBURN

Lemon yellow chrysanthemums and fluttering paper pompoms, cocky rooters' caps and mellowed corduroys, hot dogs plastered with mustard and hip flasks loaded with rum, callow freshmen with pimply faces and old grads with rosy noses. The rooting sections—two rectangles of white-shirted men roaring out their rhythmic, defiant cheers. A sedate old lady suddenly going berserk and smashing a gentleman's hat over his ears. The usual fight between two drunks, and the clarion voices of hawkers selling pop, ice cream, candy, and cushions to sit on. . . . All of this a small part of that strange madness that breaks out every Saturday throughout these United States during the fall wherever there is football to be played. Berkeley suffered from a particularly violent attack when the California Bears smeared the Trojans last Saturday afternoon. When the two captains were called to the middle of the gridiron for the ceremonious tossing of the coin, 80,000 humans had puffed up the hill and staggered into the stadium to watch the men from Troy attempt to stop the inspired Bears. Before the first quarter was over you knew it couldn't be done. The lads with the brilliant blue jerseys smashed down the Trojan wall, their ball carriers stepped daintily over the ruins, and sifted like ghosts through the secondary defense. When the Bears left the field at half time they were smacking their lips over three satisfying touchdowns.

During half time the two bands smartly stepped and loudly tooted their way across the greensward, with the leaders tossing their flashing silver batons high into the air. The rooters made queer, square cut bears and Trojans with their bright cards. A huge drum was hauled to the middle of the field, and out popped a man-powered bearskin and a warrior from Troy. The synthetic bear capered to the tune of an accordion played by the Trojans until he realized that this was all wrong, and grabbed the accordion from the warrior, reversing their positions.

In the second half the boys from U. S. C. raised their tired rumps from the ground long enough to score a touchdown against the California second team after which Mr. Allison put the varsity back in, and they pushed the lads from the South back into a reclining position again.

With the shooting of the final gun 80,000 people spewed forth from the tunnels of the stadium, and there was a period of slight congestion. In fact all those silly humans got out on the streets in their cars, and there was two hours of low gear work before we reached the Bay Bridge. This made one feel somehow that there is something very attractive about hearing a game in a quiet nook with a good radio and a tall drink.

A COWBOY'S LETTER

A great friend of ours, a tall cattleman, one of those of the old school, showed us this letter the other day. We liked it and hope that you do, too.

Dear sir: We got in 180 head of new stock and have branded them and turn them out in the hills with the other cattle you have saw. we has 90 head down at the Clink place which you could look at which came in after the 180 did which is a part of the 270 head we got in after you was here.

Yours Truly,

Frank E. Wood
Public Accountant

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Tortilla Flat In Popular Edition

A new foreword appears in the Mondern Library edition of John Steinbeck's "Tortilla Flat", which is very interesting. Excerpts from it follow:

"When this book was written, it did not occur to me that paisanos were curious or quaint, dispossessed or underdogish. They are people whom I know and like, people who merge successfully with their habitat. In men this is called philosophy, and it is a fine thing.

Had I known that these stories and these people would be considered quaint, I think I never should have written them.

All of this gets around to the point that this is not an introduction, but a conclusion. I wrote these stories because they were true stories and because I liked them. But literary slummers have taken these people up with the vulgarity of duchesses who are amused and sorry for a peasantry. These stories are out, and I cannot recall them. But I shall never again subject to the vulgar touch of the "decent" these good people of laughter and kindness, of honest lusts and direct eyes, of courtesy beyond politeness. If I have done them harm by telling a few of their stories, I am sorry. It will not happen again."

The edition is dedicated to Susan Gregory of Monterey, who writes such fine poetry.

BROKEN WATER MAIN

The Police Department was called Saturday to investigate a broken water main at Carmelo and 17th streets on the Point. The water main was already broken, the police had nothing to prevent and they decided that they weren't plumbers so they telephoned the water company. We are told that the water company came and fixed the main and that is that.

PERFECT RECORD WEEK

This last week might be labeled perfect record week, from the standpoint of the police and fire departments records at least. No fires and no crime. The police and fire departments are to be congratulated on stopping trouble before it starts.

A PELICAN'S PELLY

Pelicans they fly in a "V" Because, it seems, it helps 'em see. It keeps the wind out of their eyes. But what about the leading guys? —Done Standing.

Don Blanding Talks at Tea

Wednesday afternoon the admirers of Don Blanding were gathered at Normandy Inn for the reading of his poems and the autographing of his latest book, "The Rest of the Road". Don was presented by Bob Spencer of the House of Cards who made all the arrangements for the party. Following the introduction Don told of his flight to the Islands, and said that the only inducement that would have taken him away from Carmel last year was Lei Day in Hawaii. It was something of a surprise to hear him state that the places are very similar, and we don't know whether to be flattered or not.

The poems he read were "The Rest of the Road", "Compensation", "Faithful", "West", "Vagabond's House on Wheels", "Unreal Estate", "Carmel-by-the-Sea", "The Carmel Flea", "Oddly Enough", "Nagging Urge", "Postscript", and as an encore, "Cruise of the Spun Glass Ship".

Don has left now for a lecture tour which will take him as far as Vancouver, but he will return to Carmel as he just bought the Professor Fish house on Camino Real near Ocean Avenue.

Polo Tournament Over Week-end

Bringing together some of Northern California's foremost mallet artists, a four-team polo tournament will be played on the Del Monte fields Friday and Sunday in connection with the annual Salinas Produce Golf Tournament.

Teams have been entered by Salinas, Del Monte, Army and San Mateo.

Two games are scheduled for Friday, play beginning at 2:45 p. m. The winners will play in the finals for the Salinas Produce trophy Sunday at the same hour. The draw will be held later in the week.

Line-ups for all teams but the Army, which has not yet been announced, are:

Salinas: L. Stirling (1), R. Myers (1), T. Mathews (1), E. Tyrrell-Martin (8)—11.

Del Monte: H. Lane (2), R. Collins (1), A. Elizalde (5), R. Law (2)—10. San Mateo: L. Dinkelspiel (1), W. Gilmore (1), G. Pope (4), P. McBean (2)—8.

Bob Smith returned Monday after a week-end spent in San Francisco during which he had his luggage, Bonnie and his car stolen and returned.

Camera Club Meets Community Chest

The Camera Club held a special meeting Thursday night at Pine Inn. The speaker was Mr. Collard of the Leica Camera Company who spoke on the uses of the Leica camera in connection with colored photography and other special branches of photography.

The Club is holding an exhibition from October 30 to November 10 in the Hagemeyer Studio. It will be open every afternoon from 2 to 5, and the public is cordially invited to come in and inspect the work. Among the exhibitors will be Peter Stuart Burke, R. L. Laney, Horace Lyon, Dr. R. A. Kocher, and Lloyd Weer.

Door to Door Drive

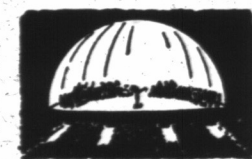
Headed by Mrs. Golden Whitman, twenty-five women are making a door-to-door campaign, this week and next, firm in their purpose to better the \$7700 raised for the Monterey Peninsula Community Chest last year in Carmel, and the surrounding areas. Each of these women have familiarized themselves with the splendid accomplishments of the two character building, and five relief giving agencies which are supported by Chest funds, they know that every dollar of the \$25,595 budget set for 1938 is needed and necessary.



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